

Dragon's Game

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Summary: Hiccup and Toothless are challenged to the Dragon's Game - a dragon duel competition - by The League, a group of dragons that hold a grudge against Toothless' clan. As Hiccup, along with his friends engage in a battle royal to end the long struggle, more enemies begin to make their move. And a simple tournament became a battle that will decide the fate of Berk.

1. Prologue

Now that season one has officially ended, I can head back to writing fan fictions without worrying about new plot or character changes coming up! I've been thinking of doing this story for a while now, and I guess it's about time I gave it the green light.

This story bears no connections to my previous HTTYD stories whatsoever.

Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD or anything affiliated with it.

****Prologue****

It was a fateful day.

All of the sudden, an entire tribe of vikings landed on a dark island in the middle of the sea. It was hidden by smoke and fog for generations, but in an instant, an entire army of humans arrived on the island.

Dragon Island.

The tallest and proudest of them the chief with all of his men behind him. They attacked the massive volcano in front of them, signaling their catapults to fire. Rocks were hurled towards the mountain and they eventually forced an entrance to open.

The swarm of dragons immediately flew out from the mountain, eager to get away from the danger that lied below. A monster, a dragon, the size of the mountain itself emerged, shaking the entire island as it did. As the humans trembled in fear and attempted to escape, _he _showed up.

He, the boy that would change the relationship between humans and dragons. With his dragon, a fearsome Night Fury, the boy managed to defeat the Red Death, freeing the dragons from their haunted pasts of serving their Queen.

But not every dragon would be entirely set free. Even under the rule and fear of the Red Death, the dragons still had their own lives. More conflicts that made living happily a farther dream to grasp. Though some did manage to find happiness after the defeat of the Red Death, most did not find peace to come immediately. There were old problems that needed to be solved. Life long grudges to end. And struggles to come.

With the Queen now gone, it is a perfect chance to attack old enemies, make new ones and finish age long battles.

Every dragon realized this.

As the Night Fury laid on the ground of Dragon Island, it was approached by the chief of the viking village. Slowly unwrapping his wings, the dragon revealed that it had saved the life of it's rider. As the humans celebrated, the life of the Night Fury and many of the other dragons were spared.

But what the humans do not know is that hiding in the shadows in the remains of the volcano, a bright orange Deadly Nadder watched the entire scene unfold. It was the only dragon that refused to leave the island when it was attacked by vikings. Instead, it stayed behind and watched the entire fight between the human boy and the Night Fury against the Red Death take place.

It had to admit that it wasn't like anything it had seen before. First off, dragons opposing the great Queen was already a miracle to see. But the moment the Nadder caught sight of the Night Fury's damaged tail-fin that was replaced by a prosthetic, it knew that there was much more to the story. Especially how valuable the scrawny little human boy was to the dragon.

The explosion of the Queen was an incredible sight as a massive flurry of fire exploded into the sky. In those moments, the Queen was no more.

Eventually, the humans called it a day and headed back towards their home island. It was only then that the Deadly Nadder finally managed to leave Dragon Island. Flapping it's wings, it flew off into the cloudy gray sky. Dragon Island became more distant as it continued.

By the time it was night, the Nadder had reached an island. A rocky island filled with spikes, thorns, cliffs and caves. The island wasn't inhabited by humans. Instead, it was inhabited by dragons.

Swooping down near the sea, the Nadder entered a cave. It was slightly wet as the small waves washed in, occasionally carrying dead fish, crabs or the dragon's least favorite eels. Landing inside, the Nadder walked along the cave, the further it walked, the less light there was.

After some time, the cave widened and the Nadder was now standing in the center of the island. There was not much light, but the Nadder managed to make out four more dragons in the area.

And for the first time in weeks, the Nadder communicated to it's party. 'I have returned, Master. I have to admit it was faster than expected.'

The dark purple dragon in the center of the cave stepped forward. 'So you have.' The leader dragon's voice was slightly old, ominous, yet it had a sense of evil and darkness to it. 'I take it that you found a way to escape the Queen?'

'She was defeated," the Nadder quickly replied.

One of the other dragons in the cave quickly squawked. 'The Queen? Defeated? How is that even possible? She's one of the largest dragons around. Every dragon fears her. What dragon in their right mind would oppose the Queen, let alone defeat her.'

The Nadder turned to face her companion. 'It was Turlough,' it said. 'Turlough has returned.'

Hearing this, the leader purred in curiosity and satisfaction. 'Oh, so the last of the mighty Night Furies has finally had the guts to use it's powers for combat and not raids. I guess he has grown a lot since we last saw him.' The dragon shifted it's stance. 'Where is he now?'

'I believe he's on the Isle of Berk, playing nice with some vikings,' said the Nadder. 'He even saved the life of a human boy, and that boy was riding on his back.'

Even in the darkness of the cave, the Nadder didn't need light to see that her leader was growling. 'This wasn't a part of the plan.' The dragon sighed. 'I suppose we're going to have to make things fair once again. Can't have Turlough cheat in the Games. Speaking of the Games, what about the Princess?'

'The Princess?' the Nadder repeated. 'I believe she is still on Dragon Island, hiding below in the depths of the mountain. I've never seen her myself, but only heard of rumors going around the islands.'

'Will she be ready to be the judge?' questioned the fifth dragon in the cave.

'I suppose she is still young and not as powerful as her mother,' the lead dragon answered. 'But it should suffice this little skirmish. It's time to make some... preparations,' the lead dragon hissed before turning towards the dragon that has been quiet during the whole conversation.

It had sharp spikes all over it's body, and pale white eyes. Features

fit for a dragon dubbed the "Whispering Death". The lead dragon eyed it's ally sternly. 'You, head to Berk. Tell Turlough that the Game is about to begin.'

With that, the Whispering Death burrowed itself into the hard rock of the cave floor before decided to flap it's wings and fly out of the cave. The Nadder looked at her leader curiously. 'Are you sure he would be able to find Berk?'

'Of course he will!' the Lead Dragon replied enthusiastically. 'And on top of that, I'm sure Turlough would be happy to see him. Besides, we need time to even the odds.'

'What do you mean?' questioned another dragon.

The Lead Dragon stood up proudly. 'We need to get ourselves some riders. Can't have Turlough being the only one getting special treatment now, can we?' With that, the leader walked past it's comrades and flew off once it reached the edge of the cave, letting out an ear deafening roar. It's eyes glared at the horizon. 'Just you wait, Turlough. We'll finish this soon.'

And now, several months later...

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Well, it's been a while since I wrote anything so I guess my writing became a little rusty. I find it weird how my first chapters are usually short then it gets exceedingly long afterwards.

Thanks for checking this story out!

~Kyra

2. Old Acquaintance

Another chapter already! That was pretty fast. Most of this chapter was taken from episode 14, "What Flies Beneath", which was also the very episode that inspired me to write this fan fiction. Come on, how Toothless kept refusing to allow Hiccup to help him. I'm sure there's got to be a better reason for that than pride, so this fan fiction was born!

This chapter is still pretty short, but it's likely to get longer afterwards! Or at least, the story itself is going to be pretty long.

****Chapter One: Old Acquaintance****

"Toothless!"

The shouts of a young boy echoed at a canyon on the Isle of Berk. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third watched in horror as a Whispering Death sent rings of fire towards his dragon, a Night Fury, forcing it backwards. Hiccup felt his heart sink.

"He's going to knock Toothless into the canyon!" he exclaimed, turning to his friends, his face filled with worry and a tinge of

panic. The Whispering Death fired again, continuing to force the Night Fury back. Toothless' hind legs slipped on the ledges of the pillar. Quickly, Toothless managed to climb back up. The dragon roared at his rider.

Seeing his, Hiccup narrowed his eyes. Carefully, he stood right at the edge of the newly made cliff. His friends watched behind him, wondering what he was going to do next. Astrid's eyes widened when Hiccup took a single tread forward, closed his eyes and willingly stepped forward right off the ledge.

"Hiccup!" Astrid cried, watching her friend fall down into the canyon below. The other viking teenagers stepped closer the edge, barely peering over in an attempt to look at Hiccup's descent.

With a quick reaction, Toothless leaped right off his pillar just as the Whispering Death breathed out another fuming ring of fire, following the young boy. Hiccup felt the wind against his back as he fell. He managed to make out a dark shadow coming below him.

Reaching out, Hiccup managed to grab Toothless' saddle. Pushing himself onto the dragon's back, Hiccup swung his legs over it's back, his left prosthetic foot clicking as it locked with the customized metal stirrup.

With his heart bashing against his chest, Hiccup pulled Toothless up, just a split second before the duo smashed into the ground. The surrounded rocks rained down, creating a giant cloud of dust and debris.

To the amazement of his friends, Hiccup and Toothless flew right out of the cloud. The viking teens managed to exhale in relief.

"Yes!" Astrid exclaimed. Fishlegs, who was standing beside her, looked just as happy. Hiccup clutched the saddle and looked down at his dragon. "I save you, you save me," he said. "That's the way it is."

Toothless looked back up towards his rider, grinning as he did. Hiccup adjusted the angle on the dragon's metal stirrup, turning Toothless to the left before pulling upwards. The Whispering Death was now in sight. Lashing out it's tail, three waves of spikes flew towards the boy and his dragon.

Tugging hard, Hiccup pulled Toothless to the left and right before proceeding to dive and quickly ascended. Toothless pulled out his wings, turning hard and charged forward. The Night Fury shot a blast of fire from it's mouth, straight at the Whispering Death. The dragon curled out of the way.

The sun's rays poked through the clouds. The Whispering Death let out an agonizing screech before quickly turning away and heading underground once again. Confused, Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows. The boy directed Toothless over to his group of friends.

Fishlegs was the one who stepped forward. "The sunlight, Hiccup!" Fishlegs said proudly. "_That's_ his weakness!" Inside, Fishlegs felt pride well up inside of him. He figured out the weakness of a dragon that supposedly had no flaw. And he was sure that he was going to be

the one who adds that fact to the book of dragons.

"Okay, bud," Hiccup told Toothless. "Let's keep that Whispering Death above ground." Hiccup turned Toothless back towards the direction of the Whispering Death's giant holes. Firing several shots, Toothless aimed them all at the holes. The force of the fire spread throughout all the underground tunnels, occasionally blowing up dirt as pillars into the sky.

"This...is...amazing..." breathed Ruffnut, who was now sitting on her head of the Hideous Zippleback she shared with her brother.

"We've got to find you and arch nemesis," said Tuffnut, astonished while placing a hand on his dragon's neck.

From one of the holes, the Whispering Death was pushed out. With a massive force, it was sent flying out from the hole and into a solid rock wall on the surface. It dropped onto the ground, still screeching. It turned up to face Toothless, roaring.

The Night Fury suddenly shot forward, without the command of it's rider. His claws immediately pinned the Whispering Death to the ground. Toothless roared threateningly towards the downed dragon. 'For the last time, tell your Master "forget it"! I am not participating in the Games!'

"Toothless, no!" Hiccup yelled. The Night Fury wanted to ignore his rider's words. _You don't know the half of it,_ thought Toothless.

'But I'm supposed to have you accept Master's challenge!' the Whispering Death bellowed in reply. Toothless could make out the small hint of fear in the dragon's voice. His eyes narrowed. 'I decline his challenge! Now leave!'

'Alright, alright! I'll go!' the Whispering Death replied, scared for it's life. If he wanted to, the Night Fury could easily finish him off, especially in the situation and stance they were in. Slowly, Toothless' expression softened. His grip on the Whispering Death loosened and the dragon quickly ripped free from the Night Fury's grasp before diving back into the ground.

To Hiccup, all he heard was a series of roars and screeches. He thought all his dragon and the Whispering Death had was a grudge. Toothless knows of his rider's ignorance, but there was nothing he could do to explain it to him.

The other viking teenagers landed beside Toothless and Hiccup on their dragons. "Aw man!" said Snotlout in his typical arrogant tone. "Toothless could've just finished him off!"

Hiccup smiled. "It seems that all dragon grudges aren't to the death," he replied.

"I'm going to have to change that in the book," Fishlegs told the others before flying off into the sky on his Gronckle, Meatlug, intent on updating the Book of Dragons on their latest dragon discoveries.

Following Fishlegs, Astrid, Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut also took

to the skies on their dragons. Grinning, Hiccup looked towards Toothless, the Night Fury having a smile on his face.

"What do you say we go home, Toothless?" suggested an exhausted Hiccup who has been chasing his dragon around the island since morning. Toothless responded by leaping off into the sky, heading for the Hairy Hooligan village.

During the flight home, Toothless didn't notice that his rider knitted his eyebrows for a second. Questions were flying all over Hiccup's mind. What did Toothless do to become enemies with such a fierce dragon? Will it ever return? Pushing the thoughts to the back of his brain, Hiccup patted Toothless.

But Hiccup, likewise, did not notice that for a moment, his dragon frowned. Toothless did admit he was happy that the Whispering Death won't be bothering them for at least some time. However, the matter with the Whispering Death's Master is a different story. Toothless clenched his jaws. _I can't get Hiccup involved. I just can't._

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Luckily for the Whispering Death, the sky was cloudy for most of his journey back towards his comrades. Had it been sunny, he would have hung around Berk for a much longer period of time. Not that it would've been safe with that Night Fury around.

Upon reaching a familiar island, the Whispering Death entered the cave. Inside, the rest of his party was already waiting. His Master was curled up in the center of the cave. 'Ah, Midgard. I see you've returned.'

'Yes...' Midgard replied in a slightly ashamed tone. The Whispering Death took a small move backwards. 'About Turlough, he refused your challenge.'

'He what?!' the Lead Dragon roared, infuriated. His colleagues all shook in fear of their leader's ferocity. 'How could Turlough refuse such a challenge?'

'It appears that he was trying to protect that human boy,' Midgard answered, trying to remain calm. 'I believe his name was Hiccup.'

The Lead Dragon glared at no one in particular. 'No matter. Our preparations are almost complete. Once they are, I'll be able to challenge Turlough myself...'

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Like I said, pretty short, since my chapters usually hang around the two thousand word count length.

Thanks for reading so far!

~Kyra

3. Honored Guests

Looks like this is where chapters begin to get long. Normally, I'd only update on weekends, but I don't have too much homework today so I thought I'd finish this chapter!

****Chapter Two: Honored Guests****

There was nothing Hiccup loved more than flying with his best friend Toothless. They did it every morning of every day. That morning, they did a whole lap around the island before heading to the Dragon Training Academy to do a little studying. But for Hiccup, mostly it was trying to keep the twins from fighting, watching Astrid beat up Snotlout for making moves on her (which Hiccup is finding becoming increasingly irritating) and helping Fishlegs add some small details to the Book of Dragons.

Landing Toothless on the grassy hill of his house, Hiccup slid off the back of his dragon. "Well that was a fun flight, wouldn't you say, bud?" Hiccup asked his dragon. Toothless enthusiastically pounced forward, heading for the Haddock Household.

It's been weeks since the incident with the Whispering Death, and a couple of days after the ending of Bork Week. Admittedly, the dragon air show went pretty well. Hiccup grinned to himself. He truly was worried for nothing when he was thinking that Toothless needed a Night Fury companion.

The young boy furrowed his eyebrows.

It was that thought that got them into so much trouble with Alvin and the Outcasts. Sighing, Hiccup continued to make his way up to his house. "I wonder how Mildew's doing," said Hiccup grimly. "I guess we'll have to go back and rescue him some time."

Reaching his arm forward, Hiccup pushed against the wooden door of his house. Inside, what he saw made his heart sink. His father was standing in the middle of the room with Gobber, who was attempting to tie a golden belt around Berk's chief. Stoick sucked in his stomach.

"Oh no," Hiccup groaned. "The ceremonial belt? Again?" Toothless lowered his head. No one forgot what happened the last time a guest came to Berk.

"Don't worry," Stoick told his son. "It's not Dagur and the Berserkers this time." Upon hearing this, Hiccup allowed himself to breathe out a sigh of relief. His father sucked hard and Gobber quickly secured the belt with a click.

Hiccup stepped forward. "Then who is it this time?"

"The Bog Burglars and the Meatheads are visiting later today," Gobber answered, peering his head from behind Stoick. "They requested a meeting regarding the dragons."

"And considering how we're all part of the Inner Isle Alliance, it shouldn't be a bad idea. Considering that Alvin has Mildew whom you've showed the method of how to train dragons to."

For the second time in five minutes, Hiccup's expression darkened. "Who knows what Alvin is doing with him," he murmured softly. Quickly, Hiccup shook off the dark thoughts. "The Bog Burglars and the Meatheads, huh? So that's good old Mogadon and Bertha."

"That's right," replied Stoick. "And their heirs are coming with them too."

Immediately, Hiccup could tell where this was going. "Please don't tell me I have to keep them company."

"Yes, yes you do," Gobber answered casually. An exhausted groan escaped Hiccup's lips. Stoick simply chuckled before turning to look at his son. "Relax. They're not as insane as Dagur."

Forcefully, Hiccup let out a small yet nervous laugh. "Yeah, let's hope so."

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Gentle waves crashed into the wooden supports of Berk's docks. Hiccup stood there, with his father and Gobber to his sides looking out towards the open sea. The sun was about to touch the horizon, so their honored guests would just make it in time for dinner in the Meade Hall. Stoick and Gobber looked proud, ready to represent their tribe.

"The heirs of the Bog Burglars and the Meatheads," Hiccup whispered, leaning towards Gobber. "They're aren't anything like Dagur, are they?" The blacksmith could hear the small tint of worry and comedic fear in his apprentice's voice.

"Who knows."

Hearing this, Hiccup mentally groaned and allowed his straight posture to waver slightly. Quickly, he recollected himself and straightened his thoughts. Or rather prayers saying _please don't let them be like Dagur, __please__ don't let them be like Dagur._

Gradually, the shapes of sails could be made out in the far distance. The wind blew steadily and the Meathead and Bog Burglar ships continued to sail forward. After a couple of moments, the wooden ships reached the docks.

Lines were thrown over to the dock in which other nearby vikings, including Sven, caught and tied them down to the poles supporting the dock. Both ships combined contained a dozen or so vikings.

A bright brilliant Monstrous Nightmare was painted on the sail of the Meathead ship, while the Bog Burglar's was decorated with an elegant Deadly Nadder. Hiccup held his breath. Unlike with Oswald the Agreeable, Hiccup had never met the chiefs and heirs of the Meathead and the Bog Burglars. His father always left the island when they had something to discuss between them. For them to bring the meeting straight to Berk, it must be something important.

On the Meathead ship, one of the men stepped forward. "Presenting, the proud and powerful chief of the Meathead Tribe, Mogadon!" A large and muscular viking rivaling Stoick in height stepped off the ship.

The two men greeted each other with handshakes and pat on the backs.

From the Bog Burglar boat, another viking stood forward. "Presenting the master of burglary, the ruler of the Bog Burglar Islands, Bertha!" A tall female viking strode forward. Her blonde hair being covered by her viking helmet. Stoick and Mogadon walked over to greet her as well.

"Bertha!" Mogadon exclaimed cheerfully. "Long time no see. I take it that you're doing well?"

"Very well, thank you, Mogadon," Bertha replied calmly. But judging from the smile on her face, Hiccup could tell that she was as excited as the other chiefs. Noticing the small viking heir, Mogadon peered over Stoick's shoulder and Bertha followed his gaze. Seeing the other chiefs looking at him, Hiccup swallowed the large lump in his throat.

Stoick turned and gestured towards Hiccup. "And this is my son, Hiccup."

"Oh, so this is the one who trained the dragons," said Mogadon. "His reputation is well-known throughout the Allied Inner Tribes."

"Yes, yes, even my daughter has heard of him. She was jumping out of her boots when she realized she would be able to meet him. And she's been awfully hyperactive during the entire journey here. We had to keep her below deck to prevent her from going on a burglar rampage above deck."

"Is little Camicazi that troubling, Bertha?"

"Stoick," Bertha answered, in a slightly more serious and offended tone. "Camicazi's not little anymore."

"Neither is Thuggory," Mogadon added. "We can't be treating them like they are still small children."

Stoick sighed, remembering that he has to give Hiccup more responsibility as well. As the adults continued to talk, Hiccup noticed that a young viking teenager from each of the ships hopped onto the docks. One of them a tall muscular young man. The other, an average sized girl with messy blonde hair.

Bertha and Mogadon stopped their kids for a moment to introduce them to Stoick. For a moment, Camicazi's blue eyes met Hiccup's. Berk's young heir managed to catch the adventurous and mischievous gleam in her eye. But when Hiccup caught Thuggory's, he received a cold stare instead.

Camicazi suddenly ran towards Hiccup, taking out his hand and shaking it. "Hi, I'm Camicazi, heir to the Bog Burglar Islands. Nice to meet you!" she said rather quickly.

"Yes," Hiccup began to reply nervously. This was a completely different situation to Heather. "And I'm--"

"Hiccup, Stoick's son," Thuggory suddenly said, walking up towards Camicazi and Hiccup. He sounded very mature and his voice was stern.

"I've heard about you and your trained dragons from my father, as well as the story behind that metal foot of yours. Where is this 'Dragon Training Academy' he spoke of?"

"That's right!" Camicazi chimed enthusiastically. "I really want to see your dragons and how you train them and-"

"Alright, alright, I get your message," Hiccup answered. "Follow me this way. I'll take you to our Academy." With that, Hiccup turned and started heading up the docks. For a moment, Camicazi and Thuggory stayed behind.

"Do you think he knows anything?" Camicazi whispered.

"From the looks of it, I don't think so," Thuggory replied in the same quiet volume. "Don't say anything. Yet. They'll be here soon."

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"Wow!" Camicazi breathed in awe when she saw the emblem of Berk's Dragon Training Academy. Hiccup asked for Astrid to hold onto Toothless while he greet their guests. Toothless wasn't exactly a hundred percent reassured without his rider around. So as soon as Hiccup stepped into the arena, the Night Fury pinned him to the ground and started licking his face.

Laughing, Hiccup slowly stood up. "Camicazi, Thuggory, this is my dragon, Toothless." Hiccup then gestured to the other viking teens in the arena. "And this is our team of dragon trainers: Astrid and Stormfly, Fishlegs and Meatlug, Snotlout and Hookfang and Ruffnut and Tuffnut with Barf and Belch."

"Impressive," Thuggory muttered under his breath, not wanting to admit too much that the place was actually pretty cool.

"So this is a Night Fury," said Camicazi. Slowly, she reached out in an attempt to touch Toothless' head. As the girl's hand drew near, Toothless took one sniff at her. His eyes immediately widened. _This scent...

The Night Fury suddenly leaped backwards, it's teeth coming out from it's gums. Camicazi gasped slightly in surprise as Hiccup looked at his dragon in confusion. "What's wrong, Toothless?" he asked, taking a step closer and bringing Camicazi's hand with him. "It's just Camicazi. She's a friend."

Toothless growled. _This scent...there's no mistaking it. _Sighing in defeat, Hiccup turned to look towards Camicazi. "Sorry about that," he mumbled. "Toothless isn't usually like this."

In the corner of his eye, Hiccup could see Thuggory, Snotlout, Fishlegs and the twins talking to each other. Slowly, Astrid made her way up to Hiccup. "What's wrong with Toothless?" she asked.

"I don't know," admitted a confused Hiccup. "The only time I've known that he doesn't let someone touch him, or growl when doing so, is when he doesn't trust the person."

"Well you seem like a very nice person, Hiccup," said Camicazi.

earning Hiccup and Astrid's attention. "I can see why the Night Fury decided to choose you as it's rider and devote it's loyalty to you."

"Wait," Astrid spoke up. "You know something about dragon loyalty?" Camicazi bit her lip and redirected her gaze to the ground guiltily. "About that..." she began.

But suddenly, a loud roar echoed in the skies above Berk. Toothless' eyes sharply perked up and the dragon clenched his jaws. That roar. He's recognize it anywhere. It was like a childhood haunted memory.

The other dragons started squawking and roaring as well. Snotlout hurried over to Hookfang to calm him down and Fishlegs had to give Meatlug a hug. Hiccup and Astrid stood dumbfounded.

"What...was...that?" Astrid whispered.

"I have no idea," Hiccup replied in a similar clueless attitude.

"Looks like the rest of my party has arrived," said Thuggory proudly. In the skies, five figures appeared. Five dragons. Squinting, Hiccup managed to make out three vikings riding the dragons. He could not believe what he was seeing. There are people other than his friends and father who knew how to ride dragons? 'Impossible!' Hiccup thought. He wanted to agree with his thoughts, but there was no way he could deny the sight in front of him either.

All five dragons were different species. There were four he recognized. The Deadly Nadder. The Whispering Death. The Changewing. The Monstrous Nightmare. Somewhere inside his brain, Hiccup realized that this was the very same Whispering Death he and Toothless fought a while ago.

'I thought they settled the grudge,' Hiccup clenched his fists. 'Then what's it back for?'

The five dragons landed in the arena. The dragon in the center was a brilliant dark purple. Two of the vikings on the dragons were boys and one was a girl. Thuggory walked over to them. "Svala! Kodran! Alf! What took you guys so long?"

"Well we got here didn't we?" Alf, one of the boys answered smugly. "Honestly, we had to fly all the way to Berk. Plus, we had to bring both yours and Camicazi's dragons."

"You guys have dragons?" Fishlegs squeaked out. Shakily, he pointed to the purple dragon in the center. "Is that...a Skrill?"

"Indeed it is," Thuggory answered proudly. "I have to admit I'm quite honored it chose me as it's rider."

"What do you by 'it chose you'?" Snotlout jeered. "We were the ones who chose our own dragons."

"Really?" Svala, the female viking questioned. "Ours just came up to us while we were alone and lowered their heads towards us."

The Skrill in the center eyed Toothless. 'So we meet again...Turlough.'

'Auki,' Toothless growled menacingly in return. 'What are you doing here?'

'Finishing old business.'

As the dragons interchanged growls, Hiccup stood in the center, unsure of what to do. "Toothless, you know this dragon?" he asked. He groaned and gripped his hair in frustration. "I don't understand. What in the name of Odin is going on?!"

"Here's whats going on," said Thuggory, ignoring Camicazi's shameful expression. The young Meathead heir stepped forward. All ten dragons in the arena suddenly all snarled at each other in unison. A boastful smug appeared on Thuggory's voice before he pointed his finger at Berk's heir.

"I, Thuggory of the Meathead Tribe, challenges you, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third...to the Dragon's Game!"

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And Hiccup is challenged!

The rules and why do Thuggory and Camicazi know about the Dragon's Game will be explained in the next chapter.

Svala, Alf and Kodran are my OC's, so are their dragons, with the exception of the Whispering Death. Camicazi's dragon is also somewhat of an OC. Another OC will be introduced in the next chapter: "Challenged".

4. Challenged

Okay, now the chapters get long. Sorry for the long wait. School is...ridiculous.

Continuing from the previous chapter, the rules of the Dragon's Game is explained. Will Hiccup accept the challenge?

I kind of made some things OOC because I wanted to explore some things, notably a little on Hiccup.

****Chapter Three: Challenged****

To say that Hiccup understood what was going on would mean nothing. The young heir stood there, dumbfounded. Slowly, Hiccup's brain processed Thuggory's words. "What?" he finally murmured out.

The arena was filled with an uncomfortable silence. But it was soon broken the moment Toothless turned to face Auki with threatening growl. The Night Fury took a careful step forward. 'Auki, what's the meaning of this? I told you I denied your challenge! You have no right for a human to fight that battle for you!'

'Not when that human is my rider,' Auki jeered. 'When I found out you had a human rider, there was no way I was going to let you get the advantage in this game. I'm fair, you see. Or are you afraid to fight, Turlo-'

'It's "Toothless" now,' the Night Fury immediately hissed in return. Auki stopped for a moment. 'Oh?' the Skrill cooed. 'Such an unfitting name for a fierce dragon. Or did you lose all that ferocity back when we destroyed your family's nest?'

Toothless' eyes suddenly narrowed. Hiccup, still completely uncertain, decided to try to take control of the situation. "It's okay, bud," the young boy said soothingly. Carefully, Hiccup placed a hand on the dragon and soon felt Toothless' body loosen.

The Skrill let out an annoyed snort. Growling, Toothless suddenly short forward, the fast movement causing Hiccup to lose his footing and stumble back a couple of steps. Auki leaped out of the way just as Toothless dug his claws into the stone ground that the Skrill stood on a second before.

Astrid ran up to Hiccup. "Are you okay?"

"No," Berk's young heir sheepishly grumbled. "I have no idea what's going on." Turning his head, Hiccup looked towards Thuggory and his companions. Camicazi slowly walked over to Thuggory and his party, who were watching the scene between the Skrill and the Night Fury with great interest.

'It seems that you've gotten a little better,' jeered Auki, arrogant as ever.

'I'm not a little hatchling anymore,' Toothless replied, dead serious. Right above the arena, another swift creature appeared, its shadow appearing on the ground of the arena. It caught the attention of all the viking teens and dragons.

"If you want to continue fighting, you're going to have to accept Auki's challenge," said an ominous yet clear female voice. Right in front of his astonished eyes, Hiccup watched as a magnificent silver dragon landed in the arena, folding in its wings. The voice still rung in his ears and Hiccup shook his head in an attempt to get them out. Hearing that voice, Toothless carefully took a step backwards, ignoring the devious gleam in Auki's eyes. Slowly, the Night Fury retracted its fangs.

Snotlout seemed to have gotten the same impression. "Did that dragon just speak?" he whispered to Tuffnut and Ruffnut.

"I don't know what's going on too," Tuffnut replied, "but whatever it is, it's really weird."

The silver dragon turned her head to face Snotlout, who immediately gulped at the dragon's amber eyes. "Yes, it is I who spoke."

At this point, Hiccup winced as he witnessed Fishlegs faint right onto the floor. "Someone make sure he's okay," he muttered. But Hiccup wasn't exactly calm either. In five minutes, he was witnessing five random dragons that all have chosen their riders, one of them was a Skrill which he had never seen before, he had been challenged

to whatever Thuggory called it and he's looking right at a talking dragon.

"Can someone please explain what is going on!" he cried, slightly impatient and utterly confused. The silver dragon turned to face him. "Very well," she said. "But before you ask anymore questions, listen to my explanation.

"I am Drotning, dragon princess who has been living in the volcano in Dragon Island for many years. And I believe it is you who set me free and saved all the other dragons, the young boy who befriended a Night Fury. You ended my mother's dreadful reign-

"Your mother was the Red Death?" breathed an astonished Hiccup, also partly because the size young princess was not even close to be able to be compared with her parent. In fact, Drotning seemed just a little larger than the average Monstrous Nightmare, but the beauty of her silver scales showed that she was different from any other dragon. "I'm sorry to interrupt, er, your highness, but if it was your mother then I-

"No need to apologize," Drotning answered calmly. "It was better for all of the dragons. Now may I continue without interruptions?"

Scared, Hiccup carefully nodded his head. All the vikings listened intently to what the Dragon Princess had to say. When the arena once again fell silent, Drotning continued.

"Royal Dragons were given the special gift of communicating with humans. Unfortunately, my mother detested this gift more than anything and her hatred for the humans grew. Eventually, she ordered the dragons to begin to attack them. Over time, it became more natural and I thought my mother's cruelty would never end, but it seemed that a human, whom I have been taught to hate for so long, showed us dragons light and freedom, so I have you people from this island to thank for that.

"And now, moving onto the matter of the Dragon's Game."

Hiccup's attention caught on in an instant. Toothless' eyes perked up on hearing this. He did not dare interrupt the princess, but even if he did, it would not make a difference. Hiccup and the others are already in way over their heads. There is no turning back.

Thuggory rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. He had already heard of this explanation. From the day Auki chose him as his rider. But looking at Hiccup and the other viking teens from Berk, he wondered if his reaction was as priceless as theirs.

"The Dragon's Game is an organized event in which two sides of the dragon race battle one another," Drotning explained. "The cause can be anything. In terms of The League, which is Auki's side, and the Leiptr clan, which is Toothless' side, it has been an age long grudge. But a struggle over territory cannot truly be won until one side has been exterminated. As such, Toothless is all that remains of his clan."

The Night Fury averted his gaze to the ground immediately. His past had caught up with him, and there was no way he could run away from

it any further. Looking into his riders eyes, Toothless could see a large mixture of unsure emotions.

Inside, Hiccup didn't know what to feel. Shocked to know that everyone in Toothless' family was killed. Or relieved that it wasn't the humans who were at fault.

"I will now explain the event," said Drotning. "There will be five parts to the event: speed, strategy, firepower, stealth and combat. Because both sides now have riders, the parts will be one-on-one battles between a pairs rider and dragon. Each side will choose only one dragon-rider pair who will represent them in each part. Whichever sides win three battles will be declared the winner."

Solemnly, Drotning turned to face Toothless. She knew that dragons understood the human language but could not speak it themselves. "I'm afraid that if you want to settle your matter with Auki, you will have to engage in the Dragon's Game."

Once again, Toothless' sharp fangs appeared, a soft growling noise coming from the dragon's throat. Drotning closed her eyes for a moment before opening them again. "However, because it is Thuggory who challenged the Leiptr, it must be their human leader who accepts."

This time, Drotning turns around to face Hiccup, looking Berk's young heir straight in his deep green eyes. "Hiccup, the choice of whether or not you go into battle is yours. The decision of any other does not matter. There is no turning back. Decide carefully."

By each word, Hiccup's brain slowly processed the words he was being spoken too. Everything else right now was all a blur. But the one thing that he is certain about is that he gets to pick whether or not they fight in a battle against Toothless' past. A downright deadly and dangerous battle at that.

Unsure, Hiccup turned to face Astrid who was helping a slowly conscious regaining Fishlegs. They looked at him with certain eyes. "It's your call, Hiccup," said Astrid. "Whatever you think is best for your dragon." Biting his lip, Hiccup turned to the twins and Snotlout. The twins look like their ready for a fight. Snotlout however, was looking elsewhere with his arms crossed.

Finally, Hiccup turned to look at Toothless. The dragon's eyes told him no, to avoid of all danger. Anxiety built inside Hiccup as he gritted his teeth. _Toothless has been running long enough. He's been protecting me because he doesn't want to get me involved this whole time. Toothless had always fought for me. It's time I do the same. Battle wise. _

Hiccup clenched his fists and said in his boldest voice, "I accept the challenge!" A smirk curled up Astrid's face. Fishlegs wasn't sure how to feel, patting Meatlug beside him. Snotlout and Hookfang snorted as the twins and their dragon knocked their heads together. Toothless lowered his head in worry before looking at his rider. Hiccup grinned at his dragon in reply, making Toothless perk up his ears.

Over on the other side, Thuggory cracked his knuckles as Kodran, Svala and Alf nodded to each other. Only Camicazi stared off into

space, not daring to look at Hiccup in the eye.

"Very well," said Drotning. "Come to Dragon Island in exactly three days time. At sunrise. Bring one dragon-rider team for each of the events. Further explanations will be given then." With that, and with flaps of her wings, Drotning took off into the sky, disappearing as fast as she appeared.

Smirking, Thuggory eyed Hiccup. "I'll be looking forward to fighting you, Haddock. Be sure to survive. Until then, please lead the way to your Meade Hall. I'm famished."

Astrid stepped forward. "I'll take care of it," she said before walking over to Thuggory as Camicazi and the others followed suit. Their dragons flew off, Toothless trotting out of the arena. Hiccup guessed that it was to accept what had just happened.

Ruffnut stared at Hiccup for a moment. "So, long story short, we get to fight other dragons?"

"Yeah, that's pretty much it," Fishlegs replied shakily. "And we're up against other dragon riders."

"Yes!" cried Tuffnut excitedly. "Finally, an arch nemesis for my dragon!" But despite all of that, something felt different. Confused, Hiccup turned towards the only one who remained silent: Snotlout.

"Whoa, Snotlout," Hiccup began to jeer. "What's wrong? I thought you'd be one of the most excited ones."

"Not when I have to do it for you," Snotlout scoffed in return. "I'm going to have to go to that fight, don't I?" Snotlout demanded, now raising his voice fiercely. "Why do I have to do this for you?"

Hiccup sighed. "Snotlout, that's not what I was trying to do--"

"Well technically, it's not for you, is it? It's for that dragon of yours, so that's even worse! Don't you think we all don't want to run into certain death? And the only reason we have to get involved in it was because you got us involved with that dragon of yours. Why? Because it can't fly!"

Hearing this, Hiccup immediately balled up his fists. Fishlegs' narrowed his eyebrows, his temper rising. "Snotlout, stop it."

"Why should I, when it was all Metal Leg's fault? He was the one who rendered his own dragon disabled," Snotlout continued to rant furiously.

"Snotlout, I said stop it!" Fishlegs roared. Snotlout gulped for a second, but refused to back down. "No! It's all because of him that we almost died so many times. No, I'm sick of risking my life for other people. The guilty one here is Hiccup so why do I have to put up with--"

In a swift moment of pure rage and speed, Hiccup thrust his fist forward, landing a hard hit on Snotlout's face. Hookfang shot Hiccup a low growl. Stumbling backward and holding his jaw, Snotlout looked

up to see Hiccup's body slightly shaking and noticed that Stoick's son was panting.

"He's losing it," Tuffnut whispered to Ruffnut.

"I think that's a first even for Hiccup."

Fishlegs looked at his friend worriedly. "Hiccup," he breathed.

Panting, Hiccup brought his fist down. "Don't you think I know that?!" he cried. Everyone else was slightly taken back. For Hiccup to raise his voice. For him to resort to violence. None of that could compare with the guilt that hung in Hiccup's heart.

Using his sleeve, Hiccup wiped off the tears that began to form at the corners of his eyes. "Don't you think I know that is' my fault Toothless can't fly. Don't you think I feel any guilt or pain? I'm his closest friend, and every time I look at that metal tail, I see how I helped him. But I also see how I hurt him. I know that more than anyone. I don't need you to tell me that, Snotlout!

"That's why I try to hard," Hiccup continued, "to help Toothless fly again! I'll stand beside him, no matter what you guys say. Because Toothless is the best friend I've ever had, and I want to help him overcome his past! This is why I'll fight with him!"

Scoffing, Snotlout straightened up. "That's more like it." Hiccup looked at the young viking jock curiously. Snotlout laughed boisterously. "I can't believe I actually got you to punch someone! I was hoping to see that you had some backbone to at least say something about it, but this was better than I expected. I didn't understand half of what you just said, but only the punch was good enough! Put a little more muscle into it. Though now with that determination plus these bad boys," Snotlout brought up his burly arms to emphasize this, "there is no way we could lose."

Now that he had calmed down, Hiccup chuckled slightly. "Punching Snotlout felt good."

"I know," Fishlegs agreed. "It's a good way to vent out your anger." At the entrance of the arena, unbeknownst to the viking teens, Toothless had watched the entire scene unfold. Grinning, Toothless merrily trotted away from the arena, looking for something to eat.

Because no matter what anyone else would say, Hiccup would only be his true rider. He and him had an unbreakable friendship. Which was why he believed that they would win.

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Well, that took longer than what I expected. Who cares, it was still fun to right! I just really wanted Hiccup to punch someone, so I just added that scene in with him and Snotlout.

It's been a week since I posted anything, so here's a new chapter!

****Chapter Four: The Games Begin****

Dragons weren't supposed to be afraid of fire.

But when fire was the same thing that tore through your home and killed everyone you knew at the time, Toothless couldn't help but have a slight fear for the firepower that dragons possessed.

The Night Fury found himself on a rather rocky island. Flames were everywhere he looked. Even though he had fire resistant scales, he could feel the heat licking at his skin. Looking down, he realized that he had become smaller, and that he still had both of his tail fins.

With a loud roar, Toothless was snapped back to reality. A large purple dragon landed in front of him. Electricity cackled from it's scales. 'Well, if it isn't young little Turlough,' the Skrill cooed.

The young Night Fury growled in response, his small yet sharp fangs quickly appearing. 'Get off our island!' he roared. Blindly, Toothless shot forward, only to be slammed hard in the stomach by the Skrill's flailing tail. Toothless was sent backwards, digging his feet into the ground to stop himself from sliding further.

The Skrill was raising up his head in satisfaction when he suddenly received a blast of fire at his side. Shrieking, it stumbled for a moment before quickly regaining his footing. In front of Toothless, a large midnight black dragon appeared, protectively standing there.

'Father!' a young Toothless exclaimed.

'Don't touch my son!' the older Night Fury growled. 'Auki, your battle is with me.'

'Your boy was the one that charged first,' Auki sneered. 'Young, optimistic, reckless. Looks like he'll grow up to be a fine warrior in the Leiptr Clan, that young Turlough. That is, if I don't kill him first.'

Growling, Toothless' father shot forward. The two dragons tumbled down the rocky landscape. With his jaws open, Auki dug his fangs into the scales of his opponent. Toothless' father let out an agonizing roar. Grunting, Toothless slowly staggered to his feet, only to feel a large surge of pain shoot through one of his thighs and the young dragon crumpled down onto his knees once again.

Barely being able to keep his eyes open, Toothless looked up to see a Deadly Nadder follow through a flick of it's tail, sending spikes across the terrain. Another Night Fury pounced onto it, forcing it backwards.

Looking around, Toothless noticed that every single moving Night Fury was engaged in combat with another dragon species. Many dragons lied on the ground, lifeless and unmoving. The majority of them were young hatchlings who were still under their parents' care. One of the

dragons lying on the ground near Toothless was the one he would play with everyday. They would have races to see who could fly the fastest. They would sneak up on each other and see who would make a better hunter.

Toothless hardly noticed another dark figure looming over him. As he lost consciousness, all the young Night Fury could hear was the roars of battle and the flickering flames of a bloody struggle.

When Toothless came to, he felt a familiar warmth around him, only to realize that he was wrapped in a pair of wings. He wriggled himself out of it's grasp. The landscape in front of him, he no longer recognized it being his home. Nests were reduced to ashes. Countless Night Furies laid dead on the ground. Some fires were still burning. But Auki and his colleagues were no longer in sight.

Beside him, Toothless heard a soft moan. A Night Fury was on the ground, it's wings had shielded him from the battle. Recognizing it's scent, Toothless nudged the dragon's head gently. 'Mother! Mother, get up!'

The young dragon looked up, trying to sight his father. But something in his heart told him that his father was among the fallen casualties. Slowly, Toothless' mother's eyes fluttered open.

'Tur...lough...', she managed weakly as if she was running out of breath. Toothless' ears perked up. 'Yes, mother. I'm right here.'

'You can't stay here anymore. No one will be here to take care of you,' said Toothless' mother. 'Almost everyone in our clan is gone. And I'm sure I will be next.' The young Night Fury was suddenly filled with anxiety and fear. 'No! You can't die! You can't just leave me!'

Groaning softly, Toothless' mother gently nudged her son's head. 'As much as I don't want to, I'm afraid I've received too many wounds to continue any longer.'

'I'm not going to accept it if I have to live alone for the rest of my life!' Toothless desperately continued as he pressed his head to his mother's face. She snorted gently. 'You won't be alone. No one was born to be.' Looking into her son's eyes, the Night Fury tried to give him an encouraging look. 'Fly towards the sun. Auki shouldn't be able to pursue you there. His numbers have been reduced to him and four more of his elites. But I'm sure you'll cross paths with him again. Until then, Turlough, please live.'

'Towards the sun?' Toothless repeated. 'But in that direction, the humans live there! It's a kill or be killed world amidst those islands. There's no way I can survive because I won't have anyone to help me.'

'You'll pull through,' his mother said reassuringly. 'I believe that even in humans, there is love in them. Though there are most humans who would slay a dragon on sight, I'm sure that there is at least one who won't do so. And I'm sure that single human will help you. Your claws don't have to be stained with blood, Turlough. When faced with the decision, for my sake, please choose to love rather than to kill.'

Once the time is right, I know you will be able to end this struggle.'

Finally, the Night Fury's eyes slid shut. Toothless felt his heart sink into the ground. 'Mother?' he began frantically, using his head to nudge the still body over and over. Inside, he already knew that his mother was gone. But a part of him refused to accept it. In great anguish and despair, Toothless turned and roared towards the sky.

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Toothless' eyes sharply shot open. His gaze was directed in front of him, towards a sleeping figure on a wooden bed. Lifting his head up, Toothless realized that he was on his "bed" in the Haddock Household. _That memory again, huh? _Looking to a sleeping Hiccup, Toothless snorted to himself. _I guess mother was right. _

Slowly, Hiccup began to stir. The young boy rubbed his eyes and propped himself onto his elbows before sitting up and faced his dragon. Toothless gave his rider his signature grin, in which Hiccup smiled in reply. "Today's the day, isn't it, bud?"

Hiccup threw his legs over the bed and stood up. Outside, it was still dark. Hiccup sighed before heading down the stairs to get a bite. Toothless followed his rider. "It's a good thing that the meeting with between the Hairy Hooligans, the Bog Burglars and the Meatheads were moved elsewhere. That saves me to come up with an excuse for my dad in which I'll be gone for the next couple of days or so."

Toothless dug into a pile of fresh fish in front of him. Hiccup sat at the table, pecking his roasted chicken, deep in thought. "Thuggory, Camicazi and the others from The League left with their parents. But they'll show up today. So we have to be there too."

Finishing up his meal, Hiccup mounted Toothless and the duo got ready to leave. Once Hiccup was outside, he noticed the rest of his team was already there. Astrid with Stormfly, Snotlout with Hookfang, Fishlegs with Meatlug and the twins with Barf and Belch. This was the force that was going to set Toothless free from his past.

"I hate getting up early," Tuffnut grumbled.

"Yeah, because you barely even have the strength to do that," his sister jeered. Grinning, Astrid stepped forward. "Are you sure you're ready to deal with this so early in the day?"

"Unfortunately, I am," Hiccup muttered before straightening up. "Come on. Let's get going. The princess says that we have to be at Dragon Island by sunrise."

Getting on their dragons, the viking teens took to the sky. Snotlout gripped Hookfang confidently. "I hope I get to go first. Make sure you take a good look at me and Hookfang, Astrid."

A laugh escaped Hiccup's lips when he heard Astrid groan. Hiccup's expression darkened for a moment. He hoped that they would still be able to laugh like this after it was all over. Toothless seemed to

have sensed his rider's mood. A gentle purr escaped him. Hiccup beamed at his dragon. "Don't worry. We'll win this thing."

Toothless found reassurance in his rider's words. _He's right. We have love, bonds and friendship on our side as well. There's no way we can lose._

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When the viking teens reached Dragon Island, it was just a few moments before the sun's rays began to spread from the horizon. By the time Hiccup slid off Toothless, Thugory and the other members of the League were already there to greet them. Of course, Toothless and Auki growled at each other before Hiccup had to redirect his dragon elsewhere before the two attacked each other again.

Soon, Drotning emerged from the depths of the mountain on the familiar island. Hiccup looked around as if it had only been yesterday he fought Alvin and his men on this island. Inside, he wondered if he ever had to do it again. Drotning landed in front of all the dragons and their riders. "I see that all of you managed to make it on time," she said in her usual majestic voice. "I called you here early since the location for the first duel will not take place here."

The dragons and their riders looked at each other in confusion. Swiftly, Drotning took off. "Follow me. Our destination is what the humans call Breakneck Bog."

â€"

Hiccup didn't think that he would have to return to the mysterious island so soon. But all the mist and fog seemed so familiar, along with the humid air. And he was specially aware of his left foot and if anything came near it, Hiccup would suddenly whip his head to face it or jerk.

Thuggory was the first from the League to notice this and he snickered. "What's the matter, Haddock. Scared of the fog?"

"I'm just trying to keep my leg on at all times," Hiccup muttered in reply. "In case you haven't heard of Smothering Smokebreath dragons."

When Drotning turned to face the two boys, both of them hushed up, even though their dragons took a little longer to cease their growls. Once again, Drotning proceeded to explain the rules.

"I will be the judge of the duels, and I will choose the order of the duels, but you will be able to choose who will participate in it. And the first duel will be..." As Drotning prepared to announce the first part of the Games, Hiccup held his breath.

"Stealth," she finished. "The fog and mist emphasizes this. Please take a few moments to talk amongst yourselves and send up your representatives. And a Hideous Zippleback does count as a single dragon, so their riders count as one as well. Also please keep in mind that each dragon-rider pair can only participate once so choose

carefully."

Nodding, Hiccup turned to face his team. "Alright guys, who would be best suited for this event?"

"We have Toothless," said Astrid. "And he's a pretty stealthy dragon."

"Stealthy enough to sneak around Outcast Island without being caught," Snotlout added. "And since we ran into a Monstrous Nightmare out of nowhere, I would say that Hookfang can be rather stealthy."

"I would say we keep Meatlug out of this," Fishlegs spoke up. "She's not that fast and won't be much help. I don't think Stormfly would suit well either."

"And I think reserving Toothless and I for a much more dangerous event would make more sense," said Hiccup. "That leaves us with the twins and Barf and Belch."

"I doubt they understand the situation," groaned Astrid. Tuffnut heard this and was looking at her suspiciously. "Yes, we do! We just have to go around and blow up the other dragon, right?"

"But we have to do that by being sneaky," Ruffnut continued enthusiastically.

"Yeah, but I think I'm sneakier than you," Tuffnut sneered.

Fishlegs, Astrid and Hiccup exchanged glances. "They actually got it." Sighing, Hiccup straightened up. "Alright. Ruff, Tuff, don't let us down!"

Barf and Belch strode forward, clarifying Leiptr's choice of the participant. From The League's side, the boy Hiccup recognized as Kodran came forward on his dragon, the Changewing. Hiccup gulped. This wasn't a startling choice. But it would be difficult to fight an opponent you can't see at all.

"Take a good look at your opponent's face and remember it," said Drotning. "Be sure to attack the right one and not any others. I will now lead you to your starting places. Do not move until I have given the signal to start." One by one, Drotning led the competitors into the island.

When they were left alone, Hiccup could hear Thuggory's chuckling. "Your pair is doomed," he said arrogantly. "Kodran's dragon, Cambire, is a Changewing. There's no way those twins could beat them."

"We'll see about that, Thuggory," Hiccup spat in return. "Then we'll see who's laughing." Simultaneously, Auki shot a glare at Toothless. 'Your rider seems pretty confident.'

'Of course he is! He and the others trained all our dragons on their own, so don't underestimate us,' Toothless retorted. Soon, Drotning returned. "The spectators are allowed to fly into the air and watch the battle. However, there must be zero inference or their competitors will be disqualified. Maximum contact is by dialogue and

you can only communicate to your side. Any attempt in distracting the other side on purpose will also result in disqualification. You may follow the battle after it has begun."

With that, Drotning flapped her wings and flew high above Breakneck Bog where she can get a good view of the fog-filled setting. "Stealth match," she declared in a stern and clear voice. Sweat rolled down Hiccup's face as he anticipated the upcoming skirmish.

Drotning continued. "Ruffnut, Tuffnut Thorsten and Barf and Belch, versus, Kodran and Cambire. Begin duel!"

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Who will win? Ruffnut and Tuffnut or Kodran?! This is only the first battle so the stakes aren't that high. Maybe.

6. Stealth Match

This chapter was pretty hard to write. But I don't really have anything to say. So, enjoy!

****Chapter Five: Stealth Match****

*****Begin duel! ****

Drotning's loud and clear voice echoed throughout the entire island, reaching the ears of the participants. Grinning, Kodran patted his dragon. "Come on, Cambire. Let's show the Leiptr how it's done." Slowly, the Changewing turned into a green color, disappearing within the grass.

Tuffnut moved up and down excitedly on his saddle. "Oh great! It's starting!" he exclaimed. "Wait, what are we supposed to do again?" Ruffnut conked her brother on the helmet. "Did anything get in there? We're supposed to fight against another dragon."

"Oh, right," Tuffnut replied, putting his helmet back into it's proper position. "Where are they?"

"That's the point," Ruffnut grumbled. "We're supposed to be sneaky and find them before they find us."

"Okay. Can we go now?"

"Yes!" Ruffnut growled. "Barf, Belch, let's go." The Hideous Zippleback lowered it's heads. We have to stay hidden so the other side doesn't see us." Beside her, Tuffnut snickered. "This will be as easy as scaring Fishlegs."

"Achoo!" Using his forearm, Fishlegs wiped his nose as a sneezed escape his mouth a few seconds earlier. "Someone must be talking about me," he sniffed.

Meanwhile, Hiccup's heart started to pound against his chest. He had faith in the twins. Barf and Belch was trained along with Stormfly, Toothless and all the other dragons. They had the advantage of time, skill and bond. But anxiety made Hiccup swallow the large lump in his

throat.

The other side had a major advantage: the dragon was a Changewing. It could shoot burning acid. It could blend into its surroundings perfectly. And its eyes... Hiccup sighed. If the twins were caught, it would end the match right then and there. Fishlegs, sensing Hiccup's worries, turned to Drotning. "When will a match end?"

"When one side is no longer able to continue," the dragon princess replied nonchalantly. Hiccup admitted to himself that he wasn't feeling any better. Snotlout hopped onto Hookfang's saddle. "Come on, why don't we go watch the fight?" he suggested enthusiastically.

"Because," Hiccup began, "if Kodran catches us looking at the twins, he'll know they're exact location." Hiccup paused, glancing a look at Thuggory and his team. "Look at them. I bet they're doing the same thing. We can't do anything but wait at this point."

Disappointed, Snotlout crossed his arms. "But that's no fun. Why do I have to listen to you?" he groaned.

"Do you want us to lose, Snotlout?" Astrid hissed, sending Snotlout an annoyed glare. A chuckling sound was suddenly heard. Whipping their heads around, Berk's viking teens faced their opponents. Thuggory stood in front them all, a smug grin written all over his face.

Fishlegs gulped. "He's laughing at us," he began nervously. "Isn't that a bad sign?" Hiccup clenched his fists. "Don't let him bait you, Fishlegs."

"My, my, someone sounds desperate," Thuggory jeered. "Worried that those twins are going to lose? I'll take care of that uneasiness for you. Kodran and Cambire are masters at stealth. Even without Cambire, Kodran can already sneak around without being noticed."

"As expected from my disciple, however," Camicazi cheerfully chimed in. The moment Hiccup saw Camicazi's face, he was at a lost for words. Her expression was transparent and her eyes showed the complete opposite emotion. She was faking it. Down in his gut, Hiccup could feel that something was wrong. If he remembered correctly, Camicazi wouldn't even say a single word to him ever since Thuggory declared the challenge back in the arena. Now she's suddenly cheerful?

Astrid raised an eyebrow in suspicion. "Hiccup, is something wrong?"

"I don't think so," he answered. "We'll stay here and wait for the twins." With his hand, Hiccup placed on Toothless' head. The Night Fury turned to face Auki. The Skrill scoffed. 'Is your rider hopeless optimistic?'

'Don't underestimate my team that much, Auki,' Toothless snorted in reply.

"Hey, watch it!" Ruffnut exclaimed. "You're stepping on my foot!" Her brother turned and pushed his helmet against hers. "Only because you were the one who stepped on mine first!"

Ruffnut growled under her breath. "We don't have time for this." Pushing her brother's head towards the ground, Ruffnut lifted herself up. The horns on her viking helmet barely pierced above the bushes. Looking straight ahead, Ruffnut barely managed to make out their Zippleback hidden in the grass. She whipped her head left and right.

"Alright," she whispered to her brother. "They're not around here yet. Come on, we can't stay here. We'll head up into the trees." Getting up, Ruffnut went for the nearest tree and reaching for the shortest branch, hauled herself upwards. Tuffnut was dumbfounded for a moment.

Annoyed, Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "We need to hide so we can scare the other guys." Catching on to the idea, Tuffnut followed his sister to the tree. Ruffnut, using her foot, gave her brother a small kick in the face.

"Hey!" cried Tuffnut. "What's the big idea?"

"Get your own tree," she hissed before hoisting herself upward another branch. Pouting for a second, Tuffnut walked to a neighboring tree and started climbing. With one last effort, Ruffnut pulled herself onto one of the large branches of the tree. She was quite a way off the ground. Looking down, she could see Barf and Belch.

Seeing Ruffnut wave her hand, Barf moved his head. Ruffnut gestured for him to stay down. A tree or so over, Tuffnut did the same thing, earning a reaction from Belch. "This is great and all, but how is this supposed to be useful?"

"We'll hide here," Ruffnut replied. "When the other guys walk below, we signal for Barf and Belch to attack. The usual smoke then spark. That sound good?"

"All I get is that we get to blow things up, so that's good enough for me," Tuffnut answered.

Hiccup felt as if he was holding in his breath. Both his and Toothless' ears were alert for any sounds of an explosion that could have easily been caused by a Hideous Zippleback. In the corner of his eye, Hiccup saw Snotlout snickering. "Come on, the look you have on your face is pathetic," the jock sneered. "I know it's those clowns we're talking about, but their dragon is more reliable than both of them."

"I don't know about Tuffnut," said Astrid, glaring at Snotlout for a moment, "but I'm sure Ruffnut at least has some sort of plan." A smirk curled up her face. "The two may be twins, but Ruffnut has the superior brain in both of them while admittedly, her brother has a little more muscle."

"What? She's smarter than her brother?" murmured Fishlegs. "Then how come she still acts as dumb as her brother?" The air was knocked out of Fishlegs' stomach when Astrid slammed her fist into it, earning winces from Snotlout as Hiccup flinched. "Ruffnut says that their relationship works best when the two are equal at everything," Astrid replied. "The two of them argue a lot, but they still love each

other."

"They're both girls," Snotlout muttered.

Something in Tuffnut's gut tugged him. "Is there someone insulting me?" he asked absentmindedly. Ruffnut sharply shushed him. "Don't talk unless it really matters. After the explosion, you rush in and attack the rider."

"Punch him?"

"That works."

Suddenly, the sound of rustling leaves were heard. The viking girl whipped her head around. Her heart beat began to accelerate twice as fast. In front of her, Ruffnut spotted Kodran walking into the field. _There you are_. The twins turned to each other and nodded.

"Barf, gas."

"Belch, spark."

On command, a fume of green smoke came from Barf's mouth. Seeing this, Kodran took a few step backwards. On Tuffnut's order, a spark followed, and the smoke bursted into flames. A loud shout escaped Kodran's lips.

"Yeah!" exclaimed Tuffnut. "Direct hit!"

A puff of green smoke rose into the air, followed by the sound of a large explosion, immediately catching the attention of all the vikings and dragons in the spectator area. "There!" Fishlegs shouted, pointing towards the smoke.

"An explosion," said Hiccup. "Ruffnut and Tuffnut made the first move!" Seeing the cloud of exhaust, Thuggory bit his lip, before an arrogant grin crawled up his lips. "As if Kodran would be beaten by something like that."

Slowly, the smoke began to clear. Sweat tricked down Ruffnut's forehead. "Did that get him?" Her question was followed by an eerie silence.

"Heh," a voice suddenly said. "Using hand gestures to give commands to your dragon. Not bad." Kodran strode out of the smoke, tall and proud, causing Ruffnut to curse. "But not good enough," Kodran continued.

Ruffnut felt something slam into her stomach in a flurry of green and brown. Air was forced out of her lungs. Ruffnut yelped in surprise as she was thrown off the branch of the tree, falling hard onto the ground below.

"Ruffnut!" Tuffnut cried. Quickly, Ruffnut regained her footing. "Watch out! It's the Changewing!" Tuffnut heard his sister's warning in time to sidestep just as he barely caught glimpse of a moving figure zip in front of him.

Kodran stepped in front of Ruffnut. "You're pretty sharp to notice Cambire," he commented. Ruffnut grinned. "It's all thanks to

Fishlegs' notes and Hiccup's teachings."

Cambire turned dark brown as it leaped forward, digging its nails into the trunk of Tuffnut's tree. The Changewing swung its tail, prompting Tuffnut to jump out of its way. Tuffnut landed on his branch with his balance intact. "Ha! It's not going to be that easy!"

Changing into a green color, Cambire blended in with the leaves he moved into above Tuffnut. Shooting his head forward, Cambire showered a large part of the branch in acid. Tuffnut's brain wasn't able to comprehend what was going on and the branch gave way. Tuffnut managed to leap off the falling piece of wood and land on the ground swiftly.

Barf and Belch emerged from its hiding place, rushing to its riders' sides. Cambire landed beside Kodran, turning a bright red color. Kodran brought down his arm, causing another shot of acid to be shot from Cambire's mouth, hitting Barf and Belch hard in its abdomen. The twins watched in horror as their Hideous Zippleback shrieked.

"Barf!"

"Belch!"

Kodran laughed. "Now you can't use your dragon." The boy took out his axe and slowly started making his way toward the two. "So? What are you going to do now?" Ruffnut whipped her head left and right, her eyes carefully scanning the area. Kodran chuckled. "Don't tell me you didn't bring a weapon with you. Were you really reckless enough to come into a match like this without bringing a tool to help you with?"

Raising his hand high in the air, Kodran prepared to swing his axe. Ruffnut smirked. Kodran's expression changed into one of fear. When he looked at his arm, he was surprised to find it covered in gray smoke, and there appears to be some legs crawling along his arms. "W-what's going on?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Smothering Smokebreaths," smirked Ruffnut. "Dragons that conceal themselves in smoke. They look for items to help build their nest. And their favorite material just happens to be metal."

Infuriated, Kodran shot Ruffnut a glare. The female twin grinned. "Tuffnut!" she yelled. "Distract the dragon! I'll take care of Kodran."

Tuffnut nodded. "Hey, Poison Breath!" he shouted, earning Cambire's attention. The Changewing started following the young viking. Tuffnut swallowed hard. "What do I do now?" Cambire suddenly dissolved into the grass. Tuffnut brought down his stance. "It's gone."

A sharp pain rushed through his mid-back and a cry escaped his lips. The force of the push forced Tuffnut hard into a tree in front of him, effectively knocking him out. Cambire once again appeared, snorting at Tuffnut's fallen body.

Ruffnut sharply shot forward as a surprised expression appeared on Kodran's face. Thrusting her fist forward, Ruffnut punched Kodran's

face hard. Kodran's grip on his axe slackened and it was carried away by the dragons. The young viking slowly got back up to his feet.

"What's the matter?" Ruffnut asked him. "Not so tough without your axe?" She was about to throw another punch when pain erupted through her right arm. Falling to her knees, Ruffnut gripped her right arm tightly with her left hand. Looking at Cambire, she noticed that acid was dripping from the dragon's mouth. Her arm felt like it was on fire.

Seeing his chance, Kodran got back up onto his feet before laughing triumphantly. "Normally, I don't attack girls," he said before thrusting his foot into Ruffnut's stomach, making her shriek. "But today's the exception."

"Stop!" a loud voice boomed. Looking up into the sky, Ruffnut saw Drotning flying above them. Back with the others, Hiccup held his breath. Drotning turned to look at the spectators. "The result of the duel has been decided," she announced. "The winner is The League. Kodran and Cambire won the Stealth Match!"

With those two sentences, Hiccup felt his heart sink into his stomach. Not that anyone else from his team was having a better reaction. "They lost?" Astrid breathed.

"That's ridiculous!" Snotlout exclaimed.

"I can't believe it," Fishlegs murmured. On the other end, Thuggory laughed boisterously. "Told you, didn't I? Our dragons are strong. Our riders are strong. You guys don't stand a chance." For a moment, Thuggory met Hiccup's fierce gaze. Thuggory beamed slightly. "That's very scary, Haddock," he jeered before getting on Auki. "I'm going to see what's left of your friends. Assuming that Cambire didn't melt the flesh off their bones yet." With a flap of his wings, Auki flew into the sky up to where Drotning is, then down into the scene of the duel. Soon, the other members of the league followed.

"Let's go!" said Astrid, getting on Stormfly and taking off. "We have to check the twins for injuries and treat them." Agreeing, Snotlout and Fishlegs took off on their dragons. Hiccup was about to follow when a voice told him to stop. Hiccup looked to who called him. "Camicazi," said Hiccup, his gaze softening. "Is there something wrong."

Camicazi exhaled. "Look, I'm sorry that I didn't tell you about this whole Dragon's Game thing earlier. And Thuggory's challenge too."

Hiccup raised in eyebrow in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"Don't get me wrong, I think you're a great guy, Hiccup," Camicazi continued, ignoring the blush appearing on both her face and Hiccup's. "But I still have to fight you. For the sake of my dragon."

Understanding, Hiccup smiled. "Don't worry about it," he replied. "I'm not holding anything against you. In fact, I pretty much have the same intention." As he said this, Hiccup patted Toothless on the

head. "I promised that I'd give this battle my all. Since afterwards, Toothless and I will be able to go flying and hang around Berk together."

"I see," said Camicazi, her tone soft and calm. She reached out her hand. To Hiccup's surprise, Toothless allowed Camicazi to touch him. Camicazi smiled genuinely. "I can sense his warmth." She turned to face the dragon's owner. "You've picked a great dragon, Hiccup."

For his answer, Hiccup smiled at Toothless, the Night Fury giving his rider his signature Toothless grin. "Let's go," said Hiccup. Camicazi got on her Deadly Nadder and took off behind Hiccup.

The two teenagers landed at the site of the fight. Some of the trees were scorched or blown away. Fishlegs was pulling Tuffnut who had just regained consciousness and Astrid was already at work bandaging Ruffnut's arm. On the League's side, Kodran was rubbing his chin. "That girl packs quite a punch," he muttered.

Drotning suddenly landed. "Rest yourselves here tonight," she ordered. "Tomorrow's duel will be...Firepower."

Hearing this, Snotlout beamed proudly. "It's my turn to run wild."

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It's Snotlout's turn next chapter! Who will his opponent be?

See you next time!

7. A Jock's Determination

First off, really really REALLY sorry about the long wait. Life's been...ugh and such. But I finally got some free time so I wrote chapter six!

In the story, results thus far:

Leiptr: 0 Victories

League: 1 Victory

****Chapter Six: A Jock's Determination****

Hiccup couldn't help but feel uneasy. But there was no way to fix it, since he didn't dare defy Drotning. The dragon princess had chosen the plaza of Berk as the battlefield for the Firepower Duel. And since fire is going to be going all over the place, it would be one Hell of a pain to repair all the burned and scorched houses.

As the viking teens were on their way back to Berk, all of them were hoping that their house won't catch on fire. Hiccup brought Toothless up to Snotlout and Hookfang, who seemed to be greatly focused. "Snotlout," Hiccup whispered. "Try not to burn down the entire village."

"Hey," Snotlout began to hiss in reply. "Why are you putting this all on me? Who knows, maybe the guy from the other side would burn the

place more than I would."

"Just don't make everything go up in flames," Fishlegs hastily added from behind. "Because we're probably going to be the ones who fix it since you were the cause of it."

"Must I repeat the incident with Mildew's house?" Hiccup muttered, annoyed. "And you guys barely helped me fix it."

"Hey, at least you figured out that Mildew was guilty for accusing our dragons."

"Thank you, for summing that up."

It was around noon when the vikings arrived at Berk. Ruffnut and Tuffnut meanwhile headed home to rest up. Hiccup and Astrid promised them that they will receive the details after the match. All the villagers started to gather as the dragons landed. But after sinister growls from Drotning, backed up by Auki, the audiences slowly subsided. Toothless and Hiccup stared at the dragon princess for a moment. "Not to attract too much attention. It will waver concentration."

Looking around, many of the vikings decided to avoid the plaza. Seeing a horde of dragons ready for battle just screams that if you stick around, it's going to get dangerous. Hiccup couldn't help but feel a sigh of relief. At least not as many people would be harmed as he thought they would.

His heart however, sank, when he realized that his house was sitting in the hill above the plaza. If that was to be set on fire...Hiccup pushed the thoughts of his father's lectures to the back of his mind and focused on getting Snotlout to take this seriously. But it seemed that Astrid got ahead of him. "If you lose, I'm going to punch you so hard..."

"Hey, you do that anyway," Snotlout quickly told her, earning himself a punch in the stomach. Heading over to Hookfang while crutching his stomach, Snotlout strode into the center of the plaza. On the other side, when Hiccup saw Snotlout's opponent, his heart sank again. Snotlout himself gulped for a moment but didn't dare falter.

Thuggory grinned. "You're up against our second best," he smirked. "Don't bet on winning too much. She's got more spunk than she looks." Her Nadder squawked for a moment before her nose was rubbed on gently.

Drotning landed in between the two teams. "The same rules will apply. The following instructions will be for the participants. While firepower is something all dragons have, it is not useful unless it is actually effective. Therefore, the first side to land a burn on the human rider will win.

"Now, Snotlout Jorgensen and Hookfang versus Camicazi and Bryda. Begin duel!" For a moment, none of the contestants moved. The atmosphere was filled with a tense silence. Camicazi grinned ear to ear. "Did you know they say that the Deadly Nadder has one of the hottest fires in the dragon world?"

"Oh yeah?" Snotlout scoffed. "Well, Hookfang here is part of the Stoker Class. Which has something related to fire! I think." The jock quickly shrugged it off. "Come on, Hookfang." Snotlout brought his fist up in the air before bringing it down. "Annihilate!" On cue, a stream of fire erupted from Hookfang's mouth, shooting straight for Camicazi and Bryda. The Deadly Nadder leaped into the air with Camicazi tumbling onto the side.

As she got back up, she brushed some dust off her clothes. "Not bad." Camicazi spent a moment to tie up her unruly blonde hair into a ponytail so that it won't get in her way later on. "So the deal is to land a fiery burn on you before you do the same to me. I'll have you know we Bog Burglars are master evaders."

Snotlout climbed onto Hookfang. "We'll see about that!" Tugging the Monstrous Nightmare's horns, Snotlout and Hookfang took off into the air. Camicazi quickly swung her leg over Bryda's saddle. "You're not going to get away!" she declared before flying off after Snotlout. Drotning flapped after them to keep an eye on the match.

Hiccup sighed. Astrid nudged his arm. "I know how you're feeling. I'm a little worried that Snotlout's not going to win either."

"That's not it," Hiccup replied. "Snotlout really pulls through when you need him too. It's just that I'm worried he's going to use up Hookfang's shot limits." Beside him, Fishlegs racked his brain. "Monstrous Nightmare. Firepower 15, shot limit 10."

As if on cue, a second blast came from Hookfang's jaws. Exclaiming in surprise, Camicazi yanked Bryda downwards sharply. Snotlout scoffed. "Not bad yourself." As the shot missed, Hiccup and Fishlegs winced.

"That leaves eight shots," Astrid commented.

"And the Deadly Nadder statistics include a firepower of 18 and a shot limit of six," Fishlegs continued, recalling the facts from the Book of Dragons with ease. Hiccup pondered over the information for a while. "Camicazi's dragon has stronger attacks. But Hookfang has more shots."

"Quantity against quality?" Fishlegs questioned. Hiccup nodded. "Exactly. Let's hope Snotlout uses those numbers to his advantage."

Back up in the air, Camicazi was beginning to feel an urge of excitement. "It's been a while since my heart has been pounding this fast," she grinned. "Snotlout Jorgensen, I acknowledge you as a worthy opponent."

"You're not going to take us down that easily." Snotlout pulled back on Hookfang's horns, firing the third shot. Camicazi hopped off Bryda's saddle and the fireball passed harmlessly below her. The Berk viking teens' jaws dropped.

"You're kidding," Astrid gulped.

"She can do _that?_" Fishlegs whispered. Hiccup actually felt anxiety when Camicazi landed on Bryda's back with ease. Snotlout was still staring with his mouth agape. A smirk adorned Camicazi's face. "A

Bog Burglar has to be balanced and agile. I just hope you have an idea of what you're up against."

Tugging on Bryda, the Deadly Nadder sent a bright orange stream of fire towards Snotlout and Hookfang. Startled, Hookfang shot a blast of his own in response, the two flames colliding in a flashing explosion. Snotlout directed Hookfang downwards, the Nightmare's sharp speed causing them to approach the ground at high speed. When Snotlout pulled on the horns hard, they barely managed to save themselves from a crash landing.

Snotlout was sent tumbling forward onto the stone plaza. Hookfang growled and shot a blast towards Bryda, who easily dodged it. Hiccup bit his lip as Snotlout crawled back to his feet. "Only five shots left."

"And Camicazi still has four," Astrid added.

"That I don't need to be reminded about," Hiccup grumbled in response. At the edge of his vision, he looked to Thuggory who was laughing with pride. "I told you, Haddock. Don't expect to take down that girl easily. She knows where her loyalties lie."

Hiccup shot Thuggory a small glare. "Yeah, and it's not with you." Upon hearing this, the Meathead heir clenched his fists. "What was that?" he hissed. Thuggory took a step forward when a hand from Svala told him to back off.

"Step down, Thuggory," Svala said calmly. "Save your energy for your duel." Thuggory scoffed arrogantly before returning to face Camicazi's battle, the said girl landing in the plaza. She hopped off her dragon. "I thought you'd be a much more tougher opponent, Snotlout."

The jock let out a dry laugh as he got up to his feet. "If you think that's all Hookfang has in him, you've got it wrong." Snotlout reached behind his back, wrapping his head around something hidden beneath his vest. "The goal. Is to land a burn on the opponent. Weapons are a different story, right?"

"Yes," Drotning replied sternly.

"Good." Bringing his hand back out, Snotlout gripped a bludgeon tightly. "From now on, we're going to get serious! Don't scream." Feeding off the energy of his rider, Hookfang stood behind Snotlout boldly. The Monstrous Nightmare purred slightly before flickering flames crawled up his horns, causing them to glow bright orange.

Hiccup swallowed the lump in his throat. "Does that use one of his shots?"

"I think so," Fishlegs answered.

"Four shots remaining," Astrid reminded the boys. Hiccup and Toothless both mentally commented that the shot countdown was not helping. Seeing Hookfang raring to go along with Snotlout, Camicazi smirked.

"You're actually drawing a weapon?" she asked. "I won't need one to

beat you!" Bryda lashed her tail forward, sending out a flurry of spikes. Snotlout yelled out a loud war cry as he charged, ducking from the danger. Hookfang shot forward, straight for Camicazi.

The Deadly Nadder was about to attack Hookfang when a sharp pain shot through its sides. Screeching, Bryda turned to see Snotlout with sharp rocks in his hands. The young viking was chuckling as he played with the stones in his right hand while his left held the bludgeon ready for use. "I told you the reason I missed in the arena was because the sun was in my eyes."

Grunting, Snotlout thrust his arm forward. Bryda easily deflected the projectiles with her tail. Opening her jaws, a stream of fire was shot towards Snotlout. He rolled out of the way just before the fire reached him. Frustrated, Bryda fired another shot that Snotlout managed to leap away from easily.

"Yeah!" cheered Hiccup and the other Berk vikings together, who were now becoming elated with the duel in front of them. "Bryda's down to two shots!" Fishlegs cried excitedly.

"We might actually win this thing!" Astrid chimed in.

"I knew we didn't make the wrong decision to choose Snotlout for this duel," Hiccup grinned as he patted Toothless on the head. Thuggory folded his arms. "It's not over yet!"

Camicazi sprang high into the air just as Hookfang thrust his horns upwards. She slid down the Monstrous Nightmare's back and tail, nimbly landing back onto the ground. Hookfang sharply turned to face Camicazi. He let out a single blast of fire, forcing her to jump out of the way.

In the corner of her eye, Camicazi caught sight of a wooden cart. She made towards it, just as another flurry of flames flew right above her head. Her hands instinctively went to cover her head. Just as she reached the cart, Camicazi kicked it hard from the side, forcing the cart in front of her.

Hookfang's horns suddenly drove right through the wood, barely managing to pierce some fibers off her clothing just as Camicazi sidestepped. "Whoa!" she yelled before pulling herself up on the cart and leaping over Hookfang. "That was close." The Monstrous Nightmare smashed the cart to pieces with its claws.

Snotlout ran forward straight for Bryda. As he ducked from another flurry of spikes, Snotlout popped up in front of the Nadder's nose.

"The blind spot!" Astrid exclaimed. "I guess Snotlout learned something from Dragon Training after all."

"Don't underestimate us," Snotlout smirked before swinging his bludgeon hard, slamming it right into Bryda's face. At the same time, Hookfang fired for Camicazi's legs, forcing her to the right. Her back was suddenly pushed against her dragon's. She gasped as soon as she realized the situation.

"Got you," Snotlout smirked just as Hookfang used his final blast, barely brushing against Camicazi's arm. Suddenly she felt burning

pain, and it gradually moved across her arm. Just as fast, Drotning dropped some water from above, her claws clutching a barrel with water dripping from it. Camicazi sighed as the pain subsided.

"The match has been decided," Drotning declared, to the joy of the Berk vikings. "The winner is the Leiptr Clan. Snotlout Jorgensen and Hookfang evens the score with the Firepower duel."

"Aw yeah!" Snotlout hooted, bringing up his bulky arms, earning laughs and cheers from his friends. Camicazi slowly got back up to her feet. Thuggory shot her a small disapproving glare while the others gave her nods for doing what she could. Camicazi turned to face Snotlout. "How did you make the pain spread?" she suddenly asked.

Snotlout grinned. "Hookfang's body is covered with a substance that is incredibly flammable. One spark and it spreads like wildfire."

"Smart," Camicazi murmured as she held her burned arm. With the duel over, Hiccup rushed over to Camicazi. "Let's get you to Gobber," he suggested. "He'll fix up that wound right up."

"Thanks," Camicazi answered, returning Hiccup's smile. Drotning landed in the center of the plaza. "I will now announce the next match."

Toothless' ears suddenly perked up and Hiccup abruptly turned his head towards the Dragon Princess. Auki and Thuggory listened very carefully. "The next duel will be... Strategy." From Thuggory's side, Alf grinned. Fishlegs meanwhile, swallowed hard. "My turn."

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So Fishlegs' battle is next! Look out for Chapter Seven: Scandinavian Art of War.

End
file.